



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

"why you seem too young to be his mother; you are then married?"

"I am—I was," she replied with a sigh, and moved towards the door.

"Stop a minute; the lad is like you: is he also like his father?"

Instead of replying, she asked whether he wanted any thing more in his room, and was again leaving it.

"Not in such haste," said the stranger; "nay, don't be alarmed. I have taken a fancy to your son, would you let him go with me? I would be careful of him as my own."

"Thank your honour kindly."

"What is your name?"

"Jessy Mahony."

The stranger started; but recovering, asked in a faint voice—

"Is that your husband's name?"

"It is: and a good husband he was; of a poor man, a better never lived."

"I knew one Mick Mahony abroad, perhaps he was your husband."

"Oh, that I could say it was! but that is impossible; I saw his corpse after he was drowned; oh, could I have but one sight of my Mick again, I could die happy."

The stranger caught her in his arms. "Dear Jessy, I am your Mick Mahony. I was not drowned; but Peter Dunne was, that trapped me on board the trading vessel. He took my clothes; but God is just; and Peter got so drunk with the money he got for kidnapping an able seaman, such as I was then, that he tumbled into the Liffey. I saw him fall. Meanwhile Jessy pondered over what she had heard, and knew not what to think. The corpse was in her husband's clothes, but so disfigured from lying in the water, that otherwise she could not have thought it her husband; but then there was no account of him; and the circumstance of a body being found of her husband's size, coloured hair, and in his clothes, made her certain that her poor Mick had perished. She glanced at herself in the mirror. "I might be known for the wife Mick left," she thought, "but can this strange coloured man, with white hair, be my clean-skinned, black-haired, youthful Mick? Though my heart warms to him, I will be cautious. It's not long since Bidde Casey was tricked by a man that set up for her husband, just returned from foreign parts?" Mick Mahony seemed to understand his wife's scruples, and thought how he could remove them.

"Why woman, have you forgotten all your Irish, that I taught you when we were courting, and you but a slip of a girl; do you forget how often you and lame Joan would try to keep me from my work to give you a lesson?"

"I do, I do remember it well, but what did you say to us when you wanted to put off my lesson till evening, when your work would be finished?"

"*Luidheavun cruadhán for dhíomhaoinéas*," said he eagerly.

"My own darlint Mick, and no other," exclaimed Jessy, transported with joy.

HIBERNICUS.

#### "FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING."

We have often been astonished, while turning over the pages of the Annuals, that among them all we should meet with so little good poetry, and that the prose pieces should so very generally be without real merit. It would appear, indeed, as though the editors of by far the greater number of them, depended for their success on the excellence of the pictorial department. Now we really cannot see why this should be the case: an entire year is allowed for the selection—and surely, if it were sought for, there would be found talent sufficient to supply the demand of even a greater number of annuals than are now published. We must not be misunderstood, however, as directing our observations to the work before us; on the contrary, we have not in any of the next year's annuals, which we have yet looked into, observed as much of what may be truly termed poetry, as is to be found among the pieces in the "Friendship's Offering;" and while to this we add,

that one or two of the stories are good, and that several of the plates are really beautiful, it will be seen that we award it a high place amongst its competitors for popular favour. The "Client's Story," by no means the worst tale in the volume, is, it will be perceived, imitative, or at least very much in the style of the stories of a Physician in Blackwood. It wants, however, the vigour and feeling of the writer in *Maga*. The following is a fair specimen of the poetry. The engraving from which our wood-cut is taken is very effective:

#### THORNY-BANK FARM.

About a mile from the king's highway, stood  
A pretty farm-house, half embowered in wood.  
In front were corn-fields, and behind a grove  
Of beech, whose murmurs told the cushat's love;  
On this side was the farm-yard, and on that,—  
Some fifty yards beyond a verdant plat—  
A pond for goose and duckling; there they swam  
Down to the sluice which filled the miller's dam—  
The snowy gander, with a swan-like pride,  
And mother-goose, with goslings by her side.  
The roof was thatch, by osiers interlaced;  
With climbing shrubs the lattices were graced;  
And whoso looked and saw the smoke ascend,  
Thought almost how this earth with heaven might blend;  
For industry was blessed with sweet increase,  
And Love made there abode with plenty and with peace.

James Fleming had two daughters, Jess and Jane:  
And, with such treasure, how could he complain,  
Although no stalwart son was his, to heir  
Paternal fields and in his labours share.  
Small had his outset been, when he, on life  
Just entered, took Maud Turnbull for his wife;  
And now some thirty years had passed away,  
On either head the tresses waxing grey,  
While sprang beneath their eyes these daughters fair  
In age unequal, but a handsome pair,  
Loved with o'erflowing love, and nursed with tender care

When life was young with me, a school-boy gay,  
There spent I many an autumn holiday;  
And roaming idly, mind and body free,  
Figured what Paradise of old might be—  
As to the evening woodland came along  
The reaper's carol, and the milkmaid's song;  
While, overhead, the green ancestral trees  
Shook their broad branches to the cooling breeze.  
Then, home returning, round the cheerful hearth  
We gathered, old and young, in smiling mirth,  
To listen to the tale, or legend old,  
Of love-lorn damsel, or of outlaw bold,  
Of burial aisle, and phantom with its shroud,  
Which all believing, Jane would read aloud,  
For she was younger, and we closer drew,  
As through the pane the night-breeze drearier blew,  
Then to our sleep went panting; every sound  
Seeming to say that spectres flitted round!

Last autumn—now my hairs are sprent with grey—  
To Thorny-Bank alone I bent my way,  
And gazed around. No Thorny-Bank was there—  
But a trim mansion, with its gay parterre  
And painted rails;—the pond was now a lake;  
And classic swan succeeded homely drake;  
Improvement stood on tiptoe stiff and starch,  
And here indeed her walk had been a march.  
—And ask ye for the Flemings—where were they,  
My kind protectors in life's early day?  
All gone—A tombstone in the field of graves,  
By whose neglected side the nettle waves,  
Tells where and when the honest Flemings bade  
Adieu to life, and here their dwelling made.  
Jess also sleeps beside them; soon or late  
Death comes, and hers was an untimely fate:  
She never had been strong—and oft the bloom  
On woman's cheek speaks louder of the tomb  
Than rosy health;—'twas so with her: decay  
Marked her an early, and an easy prey;  
For slighted love lent, too, a poisoned dart,  
And a frail frame contained a broken heart.

Jane—once the household pet—had linked her lot  
With one whom worldly fortune favoured not,  
So, after years of struggle, toil, and care,  
With children five, the love-united pair,  
With wreck of substance forced afar to roam,  
In wild Canadian forests sought a home.

Thus Thorny-Bank is Thorny-Bank no more :  
Yet vagrant fancy sees it as of yore,  
With its old inmates.—Times have changed, and I,  
Like my old friends, must shortly look to die ;  
Nor leave, like them, more during trace behind  
Than dew on herb, or music on the wind !



THORNY-BANK FARM.

## THE CLIENT'S STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SPAIN IN 1830."

It was late one Saturday evening in December, when I received a letter, which, on opening, I found to be from Walter Moreton: and the purport of the letter was, to request my immediate presence at Cambridge, in the capacity both of a friend and of a lawyer. The letter concluded thus: "Do not delay your journey many hours after receiving this. My urgency will be explained by the change you will perceive in yours, Walter Moreton."

I had known Walter Moreton in youth, and in manhood: we had been intimate, without having been altogether friends; and the attraction which his company possessed for me, arose rather from the shrewdness of his remarks than from any sympathy of feeling betwixt us. Of late years, I had seen comparatively little of Moreton: I knew that he had married; that he had been in straightened circumstances; that his father-in-law had died, and had left a large fortune to his wife; that she had died, and left him a rich widower; that he had married a second time, and that he was now the father of three children. From the tenor of the letter I had received, I could scarcely doubt that Walter Moreton had been seized with some dangerous illness, and was desirous of settling his worldly affairs. My old intimacy with Moreton would of itself have prompted me to obey his summons; but the requirement of my professional aid of course increased the celerity of my obedience. Early next morning, therefore, I put myself into the Cambridge Coach; and after dispatching a hasty dinner at the Hoop, I walked to Walter Moreton's house in Trumpington-street.

I was prepared for a change, but not certainly such a change as that which presented itself. Walter Moreton could not have been forty, but he seemed a broken-down

man; grey haired, thin visaged, and cadaverous. His expression too was changed; there was an uneasy restlessness in his eye; his lips had grown thin; and he appeared moreover, to be under the influence of extreme nervousness.

He received me with apparent kindness; thanked me for my ready compliance with his wish; and informed me at once that he had need of my professional services in the disposal of his property; but I had no difficulty in perceiving, from a certain reserve and distractedness of manner, that something beyond the mere making of a will had brought me to Cambridge. I did not of course make any observation upon the change which I observed in his appearance; but expressed a hope that his desire for my professional assistance had not arisen from any apprehensions as to the state of his health; to which he only replied, that his health was not worse than usual, but that it was always well to be prepared; and he added, "Come, Thornton, let us to business;" and to business we went.

I need scarcely say, that I was prepared for instructions to divide the father's fortune according to some rule of division—or, perhaps, of some capricious preference, among his children—two sons and one daughter, children yet of a tender age—and to secure a life-rent interest to his wife. Great, therefore, was my surprise when Mr. Moreton, after mentioning a few trifling legacies, named, as the sole successors of his immense fortune, two individuals unknown to me, and of whose connexion with the testator I was entirely ignorant.

I laid down my pen, and looked up:—"Mr. Moreton," said I, hesitatingly, "you have a wife and children!"

"I have children," said he; "but God preserve them from the curse of wealth that does not belong to them."

"Moreton—Walter Moreton," said I, "you are over-scrupulous. I know, indeed, that this large fortune has